### EARLY CALIFORNIA.

RECORDS OF PIONEER DAYS.

CALIFORNIA INTER POCULA. A Review of Some Classical Abnormitics. By HUBERT HOWE BAN-CROFT. Svo, pp. vi., 828. San Francisco: The History Company. New-York: Frank M. Derby, 149 Church-st.

In this volume Mr. Bancroft has brought together a mass of illustrations of the pioneer times in California, of a kind which could hardly find place in his historical series, yet the omission of which altogether would involve the sacrifice of much characteristic and entertaining matter. The question of the gold discovery itself is treated in detail. The various accounts of that event are given in turn, but Mr. Bancroft rejects all the versions which traverse the claims of James W. Marshall, and he is right. A number of impudent impostors have at different times attempted to wrest the honors of the discovery from Marshall, but no one of them had the least serious ground for such pretensions. There is no room for doubt on the question; no more room than there is for doubt as to the fatality of the gold discovery to Marshall himself. It ruined him. Had he not made it he would in all probability have acquired a modest competence. Through it he lost every vestige of the property he possessed at the time, and was further subjected to a persecution which unsettled, embittered, and made of him a confirmed bohemian. California behaved shabbily to the poor old man. In a spasm of conscientiousness the Legislature once gave him a pension, but it was only continued for a couple of years or so, and then this fountain of generesity dried up. After his death-in squalid indihis memory. Five thousand dollars were appropriated for this purpose, though the people's representatives had refused to spend a dollar to keep the discoverer from starving. No doubt in his latter years he was given to drink, and could not take care of himself, but the people of California were directly responsible for his condition, for it was they who had robbed him and hunted him and spied upon him, and all but driven him mad, in their attempt to reap the advantage of what the superstitious miners called his "luck." In truth his finding of the gold in the mill-race at Colousa was the most unlucky event conceivable for himself.

Mr. Bancroft follows the course of the graphic and picturesque descriptions of both routes, carefully setting down those ugly features which most chroniclers omit or gloss over. The journey to California early in the fifties was ever road was taken. The voyager by water had coverings. The class which remained longest at manned by ruffians, officered by blackguards, and supplied as though the passengers had been swine. Though the rates of passage were extortionate, those who paid them were treated like dogs, and perhaps nothing but their intense eagerness to get and throwing the brutes who abused them overbeard.

little humanity. On the plains the experience was, if possible, worse. The majority of those who undertook the long, hard journey had little or no knowledge of the dangers of the route. When, after weeks of slow progress, desert regions were entered, and water ran short, and cattle foundered. and wagons with all their contents had to be abandoned, the meanest tendencies of mankind came to the front. Help was refused to the weaker members. Sometimes they were left behind to die in the road. Sometimes their last cent was exacted for a little water or a lift in a wagon. The suffering was great and the victims many. Many a small war has cost fewer lives.

Mr. Bancroft gives a graphic account of perhaps the most fearful experience on record: that of the Donner party. It has been described frequently, but never with more succinctness and vividness than here. The party must have numbered some particularly hard men in it, for from the beginning of the trouble a brutal selfishness beyond the average distinguished the behavior of the stronger elements in the wretched party. It is needless to particular-ize. All the world knows how the travellers struggled desperately into the Sierra only to find, at Donner Lake, that they were caught in the middle of the mountains and snowed in. There for of reference was an old New-York Directory. In weeks they tried to live, mostly burrowing under the deep snow. When rescued the survivors had long been practising cannibalism, and it was more than suspected that murder had in some instances preceded this horror. Some of the wretches who had thus sustained themselves had come to esteem human flesh so highly that when fresh, wholesome a juror for asking a question which His Honor provisions were offered they looked indifferently at them and continued to gnaw the half-cooked | the whole jury rushed into the street, pursued by bones of their late comrades. One curious circum- the furious judge. Elsewhere a presiding justice stance noted by Mr. Bancroft deserves more careful examination. It is that the proportion of women surviving these terrible experiences was much larger than that of the men. The women seem to have been equally exposed on the march and in the camp. Their clothing was not specially warm, their food was that of the men. Yet they proved more enduring. Was it because they were not al-cohol drinkers? But the presumption is that as

drink alcohol when it was to be had. The ques-

tion is interesting, but obscure. In getting to California it is clear that the law of the survival of the fittest was applied rigorously, and the breadth of the continent, and the whole of the Isthmus of Panama were dotted with the graves of those who failed to meet the severe tests of Nature and Circumstance. The survivors were tough and seasoned, and those who lived through all that California had in store for her ically if not psychologically speaking. In truth, there was little use for souls in the early times, and very often they were in the way. The most pitiable sight to a disinterested observer, could there have been one there and then, must have been the average futility of the most Herculean Marysville, a bench of judges fell labors. The industry of the miners was astonishing. They worked for hours each day up to the middle in icy water. They sacrificed health and comfort and repose cheerfully. They were successfully taking out enormous quantities of gold. But not one in twenty of them probably retained what he had toiled so hard for. The explanation is simple. On every side nets and traps were laid and set to fortunate ones, and the very privations these had undergone were frequently the chief incitements to that indulgence which led on to ruin. The gaudy, garish saloon, with its combined tempta tions addressed to the appetite and to the lust of gain, engulfed scores of thousands. Mr. Bancroft tells some sad stories of men who, having made small fortunes and left the mines bound homeward. succumbed to these alluring displays while waiting for the steamer, and lost their all. The case be-

came so common presently as to cause no surprise nor other emotion, least of all pity.

When the saloon and gambling hell failed, there were plenty of other pitfalls ready. The roads between the camps were not particularly safe for solitary travellers, and many a murder was committed with impunity. When the returning miner was on board the steamer his perils were not past, for professional thieves travelled regularly on both sides of the Isthmus, just as the monte sharps at a later period infested the trains on the Pacific railroads until the corporations took strong measures against them. In the fifties, however, nobody was concerned to protect the returning Californians, and often they escaped plundering by the merest accident. As to those who stayed in California, few indeed succeeded in keeping what they made at first. The general example was of course very influential. Everybody was extravagant, wildly so. It was "light come, light go." Even the merchants of San Francisco were more like Wall Street brokers when stocks are booming than respectable, steady-going traders. The disastrous fires which three times swept over San Francisco. each time raining hundreds of " solid" men, added to the gambling fever. Nobody felt sure of anything he possessed. Everybody was perpetually willing to stake everything upon a chance. Commerce was just as wild gambling as fero, and involved the same desperate risks.

Naturally, in so abnormal a state of society

there was a good deal of drinking, but the very

desperateness of the prevailing speculation in it one saving condition; caused the majority to cleave to "straight" whiskey. Now, it is a matter of experience gence-steps were taken to erect a monument to that the drinker of whiskey alone can as a rule stand more drinking than he who dallies with any other variety of "wanity." whiskey will perhaps kill him in time, but what is called "mixed drinking" will do so much more quickly. Certainly the Californians who did not encounter "accidents" with knife or pistol or dangling ropes upon unstable scaffolds have held their own bravely, and a goodly number of ploneers survive to this day. In the fifties they did drink, nevertheless, with a persistent thirst which would have roused the unqualified admiration of Grandgousier himself. There were no abstainers. for it was dangerous to decline an invitation to 'take something," the scorner being liable to challenge for harboring an insolent purpose, and two great lines of immigration, by land and ty water, which the California and as sharp dislike, as an unsocial and abnormal discovery set in motion, and gives creature, perchance disposed to "put on airs." To and as sharp dislike, as an unsocial and abnormal be singular in any primitive community is to be offensive, and many a "tenderfoot" has been wofully treated in some mining camp because he wore a "stove-pipe hat" or "a biled shirt" in the certainly full of difficulty and discomfort, which- latitude of woollen shirts and slouched felt headto travel in an infamously equipped and command- the mines and did the hardest physical work drank ed line of wretched old hulks to the Isthmus of most and got rid of its earnings quickest; but it Panama. That line of steamers was a disgrace to | did not follow that the most temperate class fared the corporation that owned them. They were best, for the professional gamblers were usually sober men, and though many of them made a great deal of money few succeeded in keeping any of their gains.

It is at first sight singular that while prices were almost incredibly high for all the necessaries of to California prevented them at times from rising life and most of the luxuries, there was a considerable period during which champagne by the case could be purchased at New-York rates. This was owing to the fact that the market was overloaded with cargoes of railroad then built (seven miles), and then canoes and bateaus on the river. There were begus express companies which undertook to carry the baggage over the Isthmus, and, according to Mr. Baneroft, deliberately and systematically stole it, by the simple process of delaying the delivery until the California steamers on the Pacific side had left—the unfortunate owners in most instances preferring the loss of their chattels to missing the steamer. The Pacific steamers were much better than those on the New-York side, but they could not accommodate the crowds always waiting at Panama, and, as a result of the lack of room, several hundred passengers often had to stay some weeks at Panama, and thence a great mortality from recklessness, unripe fruit, and drink. could be purchased at New-York rates. This was tality from recklessness, unripe fruit, and drink.

It was a period of dominant egoism, and nobody cared for his neighbor. Wee to the feeble in that frantic rush to the mines. They were abandoned, and might think themselves fortunate if they were not also stripped. There was an immense amount. not also stripped. There was an immense amount thing to be down where every one was liable to of energy and courage in these crowds, but very the same vicissitudes, and even conservative East ern men soon adapted themselves to the new and strange conditions.

Mr. Bancroft gives a full and exact account of the Modoc war and other Indian troubles, and also of several of those raids upon the Chinese which reflect so much discredit upon the communities that permitted them. He also deals entertainingly with the oddities and absurdities which occurred in many of the early courts. The pioneer justices were often men who not only knew nothing of written law, but were strongly prejudiced against it. Sometimes these officials were saloon-keepers, sometimes rough miners, and sometimes mere bummers and loafers who owed their position to intimacy with the lawless class which used them freely. When miners were on the bench a rude justice was apt to be administered, but with the saloonkeepers and friends of the gamblers and "Hounds" nothing could be had which was not liberally paid for. Venality in such courts was the rule, and the jurisdiction of the higher tribunals was constantly invaded. More than one Justice of the Peace undertook to inflict capital punishment, and sometimes, when the defendant was a friendless Mexican or Chileno there is ground for believing that such lawless sentences were actually executed. No forms were observed. In one court the only book of reference was an old New-York Directory. In another it was discovered that a grand jury had been sworn upon a copy of Tupper's "Proverbial" "Remorse!"

"Yes, bitter, gnawing, agonizing remorse! Listen! Before I kicked the thief out I looked about for some means of inflicting a punishment upon him that he would remember, and a temptation from the Evil One came into my mind. On a plate upon one of the hanging shelves was something you had prepared with your own hands—"

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"Yes, bitter, gnawing, agonizing remorse! Listen! been sworn upon a copy of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" instead of a New Testament. This, too, was in San Francisco. In the mining camps

Gowan, who had served a term in an Eastern penitentiary, became a Judge in California, and ran his court very much as if it had been a gambling hell. most were Germans or of German descent they did He took bribes systematically from both sides; a practice which Lord Bacon has declared to be quite inadmissible, and besides, liable to lead to serious dilemmas and possibly scandals. Hugh C. Murray, who was Judge of the Supreme Court, was even worse than McGowan, in fact he was as bad a man as ever the Vigilance Committee disposed of. He sold his decisions regularly. Yet he had a host of friends and admirers, and this, too, was ingvitable in the circumstances. Sam Brannan, formerly a Mormon elder, was chosen alcalde at immigrants were the flower of the flock, physiolog- Sutter's Fort, and he was also made prosecuting at torney. A prisoner being brought before him for trial on a charge of homicide, Sam rose as prosecuting attorney and addressed himself for the people, afterward commenting, as judge, his own speech. In 1850, knives and pistols were drawn, and a free fight in open court was imminent. On this occasion public opinion was offended, and a procession was formed to march to the houses of the belligerent were very practical. At Nevada City, before such a one, a man was arraigned for horse-stealing. The evidence for the prosecution was conclusive, but the counsel for the defence proceeded to call witnesses. "I don't see what you want of witnesses," said Uncle Zeke (the Justice). "May it please your Honor," replied the attorney, "the object of the testimony which I now propose to offer is to prove the general good character of the accused." "What in h—Il is the use of trying to prove his good character when he is already proved to be a thief?" roared the judge.

The miners liked that way of regarding the law, judges and hoot them. Some of the rural justices were very practical. At Nevada City, before such

and stood up for their rough-and-ready justices Of course it was a transitional period. Nothing was permanent or settled or orderly, but considering the character of many of the elements which composed California society then, it is really wonderful that what Mr. Bancroft calls the "abnormities" of the time were not more startling yet. Out of that fermenting compost-heap modern California was evolved, an American State, with full measure of civilization, law, order, culture and progress. Nothing can be more interesting and instructive than to study the beginnings of such a process. Nowhere is the triumph of the democratic principle more strikingly demonstrated than in this work of State-making. Regard the first workings of the formative power and all seems hopeless chaos and anarchy. Follow the movement carefully and the transformation of evil into good seems magical. It is a pleasing structure to look upon, not obtru-Mr. Bancroft has added another to the long list of obligations the American people owe to him for his of primeval tone of sober color-as becomes a invaluable historical works, and this latest contribution may be recommended confidently to those who find the perusal of history difficult or fatiguing, for while it is full of weighty suggestions it abounds also with amusing and striking relations.

### LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Life of Congreve" will appear next month. It will doubtless be a careful and therefore valuable sketch; and the reader, considering its subject, may hope to find in it more color and animation than have heretofore distinguished Mr. Gosse's prose.

Steppiak has at last written a novel, which is, of course, full of revolutionary material and probably pessimistic to the last degree. It is to be called "The Enthusiast,"

won ungrudging praise even from that hater of things mysterious elms that here embower the country-American "The Saturday Review" of London. It side for miles and miles around. This is the life declares that "it is a pleasant duty to acknowledge the appearance of a really scholarly piece of work, and there cannot be two opinions as to the charac-ter of Mr. Lea's volumes. He has chosen a subject of extreme interest and importance, and has treated it in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired with respect to erudition, while he has at the same time oduced a thoroughly readable book, well arranged, full of incident, and vigorously written. The references given in his footnotes display an acquaintance with a vast mass of historical authorities and argue extraordinary diligence in research."

The article on "Maurice Thompson at Home," which appears in the current number of "Literature," over the signature of "E. C. S.," is not by E. C. Stedman, as has been stated. It comes from the pen of a Western contributor, Mr. E. C. Saunders.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new story, "Maiwa's Revenge," has just come in complete form from the press of the Harpers.

Henry James has prepared for the handsome English monthly, "The Universal Review," a story long enough to be called a novel. Its title is "The Lesson of the Master." This new periodical is exquisite so far as printing and illustration go. Its text has not yet been of startling interest, and it is not free from the affectations of the Rosetti school.

The little Monroes have just appeared in the admirable series of papers on the "Children of the White published in "Wide-Awake." The illustrations include some pretty and interesting portraits of the Monroes and of Queen Hortense, who was Eliza Monroe's class-mate at Madame Campan's school.

From The Chicago Tribune.

of steak!" was the reply as he put up a trembling hand to ward off the proffered consolation, "I shall have to tell you what the trouble is. It will come out sooner or later at the Coroner's inquest. You slept well last night, of course!"

"Overcome by the excitement of the day and the disturbed slumbers of the night before your sleep was sound and dreamless as that of a tired child. You heard no noise down cellar in the middle of the night?"

"I did not, Callithumpian," replied Elfieda, turning pale with any reheasion.

"I did not, Callithumpian," replied Elfieda, turning pale with apprehension.

"Well, I did. It aroused me from a restless and unquiet sleep, and, without waking you. I dryssed myself quietly, seized a heavy cane, stole softly down stairs. I found a man in the cellar—do not start, Elfieda. He was a little, dried-up, withered, insignificant, sneak-thief, not half as dangerous as a setting hen. He was helping himself to your finest canned fruit. I lifted the little rascal out of the cellar on the toe of my shoe."

"I am glad nothing worse happened, my love. But why are you so unnerved? It is all over now."

"No, it is not all over!" exclaimed the husband, as he looked off into vacancy with a hollow-eyed, despairing gaze; "remorse is left!"

ng gaze: temerse?"

#### A COMMERCIAL TREATY BETWEEN A DOG AND A HEN.

On one occasion a judge drew a bowie-knife upon a juror for asking a question which His Honor thought involved a reflection upon the court, and the whole jury rushed into the street, pursued by the furious judge. Elsewhere a presiding justice calmly took off his coat and descended to a bout of fisticuffs with an attorney who had been guilty of contempt of court.

A coroner's jury sitting on a miner who had committed suicide brought in as verdict the declaration that the deceased was "a damned fool." Ned Me-From a Letter to The London Speciator.

## AN OLD FASHIONED SOUTHERN HOWL.

From The Richmond Critic.

As in the bosom of Vesuvius fierce fires dwell and rage and anon break forth and in lurid splendor light the mountain top, so in the hearts of the yet unpurchased sons of the South dwells the burning hope that even yet they may redeem by strenuous deeds the fair land of their birth and illumine once more with the fires of liberty the page of history. Or else, and God forbid, the sword has not only wounded, but like the fang of the serpent has deposited the ineradicable poison of abject submission and all its train of crawling virtues. It may be politic and profitable, but it is yet strange and ghastly, to see a man smile as a poisoned dart slips in between his ribs! From The Richmond Critic.

The time to put an end to deceit has come. The North may as well know now as later that all the dead in all her cemeteries have died for a Union which is and will ever be a fraud until the foul dishoner of rebellion and treason is no longer hurled from venomous tongues at the South. Our sons will not, it is hoped, shake hands in amity with a people who denounce their fathers as traiters and rebels.

## THE BANDANNA CAME DOWN.

From The Chicago Times.

When Conrad Uhlan, a saloon-keeper in the town of Lake, hotsted a blood-red flag above a small American emblem over his groggery, Policeman Hegley came along and said: "Fil give you time to get up there and pull that down." The Socialist grumbled, but did what the officer told him to. Begley said: "The stars and stripes is big enough to cover us all."

## A TRIFLE FORGETPUL

# A STRATFORD RAMBLE.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

UDITH SHAKESPEARE'S HOME-THE OLD TRIN ITY BELFRY-PROGRESS OF THE MEMORIAL-MARY ANDERSON'S GIFTS-THE LIBRARY. (FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

London, July 2 .- To traverse Stratford-upon-Avon is to return upon old tracks; but, no mat ter how often you visit this delightful place, you will always see new sights there, and find new incidents. I had scarcely entered the town this time before I came upon the fountain, in Rother Square, which was placed there last year by our generous and thoughtful countryman, Mr. George W. Childs. sive, very symmetrical, already acquiring a sort water-fount-and it is doing all the good that its kind-hearted giver intended or could wish. After repeated visits to Stratford the traveller begins to take more notice than perhaps at first he did of the actual, everyday life of the town. The addition of a new wing to the ancient Red Horse Inn. the building of a manse for the excellent and esteemed priest, Father Stewart, upon St. Gregory's Church (R. C.), in the Warwick Road, the new gardens around the Memorial, the ringing of the new chimes of Holy Trinity-these and matters like to these attract attention now. In former days the observer had no eyes except for the Shakespearcan shrines. This time I have rambled in the gleaming through scented fields to Clifford Church, and climbed the hills of Welcombe, to peer into the darkening valleys of the Avon and hear the cuckoo-note echoed and re-echoed from the great of Stratford to-day-the fertile farms, the beautifully garnished meadows, the avenues of white and coral hawthorne, masses of milky snowball, honeysuckle and syringa loading the soft air with fragrance, chestnuts dropping blooms of both pink and white, and laburnums swinging their golden censers in the breeze.

The building that forms the northwest corner

of High-st. and Bridge-st. in Stratford was occu-

pied in Shakespeare's time by Richard Quiney, the wine-dealer, who married the poet's youngest daughter, Judith, and an inscription now appears upon it stating that Judith lived in it for thirtysix years. The fact was established by investigation of the town records. Mr. Richard Savage, a learned antiquarian and a competent, patient and diligent student of all the church registers and documentary treasures of Warwickshire, furnished the proof of this-which is but one of many services that he has rendered to the old home of Shakespeare. Mr. Savage is the librarian of the Birthplace, and customarily pursues his researches in the museum department of that venerable building. The Quiney premises are now occupied by Mr. Edward Fox, the principal local dealer in Shakespeare photographic stores-that is to say, souvenirs of the Shakespeare localities and of the town of Stratford. This house is called in the ancient town records "The Cage," and probably, in early times, it was a prison. Standing in the cellar, you perceive that its walls are at least five feet thick. Here likewise appear traces of the grooves down which the wine-casks were rolled, in the days of Shakespeare's son-in-law, Richard Quiney. The shop now owned by Mr. Fox has been established in Stratford more than a hundred years, and, as this worthy man has a long lease of the building, and a most energetic spirit in the pursuit of his business, it bids fair to last as much longer. One notable sign of his sagacity was revealed in the cellar, where was heaped a considerable quantity of excellent old oak, recently taken from the belfry of the Holy Trinity Church, in which Shakespeare is buried. This oak, which was there when Shakespeare lived, and which had to be removed because a somewhat stronger structure was required for holding an augmented chime of heavy bells, Mr. Fox will turn into various carved relics, such as must find ready favor with Shakespearean worshippers-upward of 16,000 of whom visited Stratford last year, more than onefourth (4,482) being Americans. Crosses made from the belfry wood are pleasing souvenirs of the hallowed Shakespeare church. When the poet saw that church the tower was surmounted, oaken structure to support the bells has been in the tower more than 300 years.

In the birthplace the kind sisters Caroline and Maria Chataway still escort the visitors from room to room and pleasantly tell the familiar story of the aged house. One of the ladies is seventy-seven years old; the other seventy-five. A frequent visitor, like myself, will not omit the pleasure of drinking tea with these courteous and amiable ladies, and hearing their cordial praises of the great Shakespeare scholar and antiquary, J. C. Halliwell-Phillipps, and of lovely Mary Anderson, whose portrait hangs upon their wall and whose memory is cherished in their hearts. Miss Anderson has often been to Stratford since she made her first visit there, in 1883, and is now one of the life-governors of the Shakespeare Memorial. acted for the benefit of this Memorial, as no doubt many readers will remember, in 1885 (August 29), and the two sculptures, emblematic of Comedy and Tragedy, which have been added since then upon the front of the building, are the fruit of that penefit performance. The emblem of History had already been put in its place-the scene from King John," in which Prince Arthur softens th hard purpose and changes the cruel heart of Hubert. In the emblem of Comedy the figure of Rosalind is that of Miss Anderson herself, in the boy's dress; a figure inadequate to the original, but expressive of the ingenuous manner and artless grace of that noble and gentle lady. Tragedy is represented by Hamlet and the Grave-digger, in their colloquy over Yorick's skull. The grounds all around the Memorial building are now laid out with pathways, lawns, trees and flowers, and a lit-tle lake has been made, upon the north-side nearest to Clopton's bridge. Mr. Charles E. Flower, of Avonbank, the original promoter of the Memorial, has caused this to be done, at his own expense, and this park-like enclosure is now free to the people, " to walk abroad and recreate themselves" beside the sweet flowing Avon. Inside the Memorial there is but little of novelty to be registered. The picture-gallery is lamentably deficient, and contains several things that are mere daubs unworthy of the place. The Library continues to grow, but the American department of it needs acessions. Every American edition of Shakespeare ought to be there, and every book of American origin, on a Shakespearean subject. Mr. F. Hawley, the Librarian, purposes to set up a sepcial case, inscribed with the American arms, for the reception of contributions from our people. I had the pleasure to examine Mr. Hawley's catalogues and found them models of thorough workmanship and capital method. The Library contains, in all, 3,474 volumes in various languages. Of English editions of the complete works of Shakespeare it contains 144. It is not improbable that Miss Mary Anderson will, at a future time, give a performance of "A Winter's Tale," at the Memorial Theatre for the further benefit of that institution. Mr. Augustin Daly's company of comediaus are to appear at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on August 3 in "The Taming of the Shrew," the performance being given for the benefit of the Memorial. Mr. Daly has presented several of his publieations to the Library-notably a suberb illustrated copy of his stage-version of "The Shrew." Russian translation of Shakespeare appears among the books, in nine volumes, from M. Soldatenkoff.

In the Washington Irving parlor of Mr. W. G. Colbourne's Red Horse Inn-still the same delightful resort as of old!-you will find several portraits of Americans of worthy and honorable fame

them already in many a drawing-room in London. There can be no doubt, either, of the genuine appreciation that she has received in this country or the genuine worth of her performance. People like her vigor, dash, impetuous spirit and rich and original personality. Her impersonation of Katharine is purely Shakespearean-for it subtly shows, beneath the shrewishness, the sweet, wholesome woman nature of Katharine, that makes her so well worth winning.

indentumes of apprenticeship; many of them reccipts for money; none of them especially important as bearing on the Shakespeare story. Several are in Latin. The earliest date noticed in them is 1560-four years before the poet was born. One is an amusing memorandum "presenting" a couple of the wives of Stratford for slander of certain other women, and quoting their language with rather a startling fidelity. Another establishing and endowing a free school in Stratford, for teaching English-the writer quaintly remarking that schools for the teaching of Latin exists, that he can hear of. Mr. Savage had classified and arranged the papers, but as yet he had found nothing directly pertinent to Shakespeare. I saw a deed that bore the "Mark" of Joan, sister of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother, but this may not be a recent discovery. All these papers are written in the character denoted by Tony Lumpkin, as " a d--d, cramped piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life." Mr. Savage, however, is singularly skilful in reading this crooked and queer caligraphy; and I know that the materials and the duty of utilizing them are in good hands. When the researches and conclusions of Mr. Savage are published they will be found to possess this value-that they will augment the mass of evidence already existing, much of it so well set forth by Halliwell-Phillipps, that the writer of Shakespeare's plays was a man vastly familiar with the neighborhood, the names, and the every-day life of Stratford-upon-Avon; a little fact which is not without its admonitory suggestiveness to those credulous persons who incline to listen to such silly and ignorant talk as that of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. This peripatetic donkey, by the way, has lately visited Stratford, under the escort of that excellent Shakespearean, Samuel Timmins, of Coventry, who had a quiet "lark" with him. Mr. Donviewed the scenes usually visited, but said nothing-at the time. He was thought to have felt a little surprised that the inhabitants did not assail him with disapprobative eggs. In fact he attracted no attention. The new vicar of Trinity, the Rev. George Arbuthnot, formerly of Arundel, an unpopular man, and one who cares nothing for Shakespeare, naturally enough invited him to luncheon. But that is all. "He did not address himself to me," said Miss Chataway, at the Birthplace; "had he done so, I should have informed him that, in Stratford, Bacon is all gammon." She was quite right. So it is. And not alone in Stratford, neither. They have in Stratford one clergyman of rare

ability-the Rev. R. S. De Courcy Laffan. He is the headmaster of the Grammar School and he preaches in the Guild Chapel, opposite to New Place. Liberal in thought, frank in spirit, manly in character, simple in style, and full of sensibility, he made a most interesting figure in the pulpit, and very strongly impressed his hearers. The Rev. George Arbuthnot, whom I saw and heard at Trinity, presents a striking contrast to this gentleman-literally a striking contrast; for he has once been arraigned before the magistrates for battery. This clergyman, when asked for leave to open Shakespeare's grave, promptly gave it, and only withdrew it when he found that the people of Stratford were indignantly opposed to this proceeding. Since the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot came into the Stratford vicarage the exterior of the church has been restored-which was a desirable and necessary work-and the old galleries have been torn out of the nave, which was a change of questionable propriety. In an architectural point of view, the building is better without galleries; and those galleries that were "Callithumpian," rejoined the wife with that tender anxiety that leads woman—Heaven bloss her; not as now with a tall and graceful spire, but tender anxiety that leads woman—Heaven bloss her; not as now with a tall and graceful spire, but with a spire of timber covered with lead; but this the church contained galleries in Shake-oaken structure to support the bells has been in the peare's time, and for many years galleries had existed in it. There are some things which ought not to be tampered with, and Stratford Church is one of them. Other innovations are contemplated-one being the destruction of the ancient crypt and the addition of a chapel upon the north side of the chancel. This would spoil the church, but it would be useful for processions of choristers. The churchyard has been made prim and formal. Every gravestone has been straightened, and many mounds appear to have been levelled. The delightful air of antiquity, which was one charm of that place, has thus been in some measure dispelled. The Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot is, seemingly, a goodhearted man, strong in character, resolute in will, obstinate in disposition, truculent, narrow, of high-church proclivities, and deficient in poetic sympathy. Such a man is dangerous as the custodian of a Shakespearean shrine, and the people in England who are interested in this subject ought especially to watch his proceedings. This is one of the interests of the whole civilized world.

New Place is not nearly as much visited as the Birthplace, yet one would think that the spot on which Shakespeare died would be deemed fully as sacred as that on which he was born. Only 537 visitors went there last year (the year ending April 13, 1888). In repairing the custodian's house at New Place, not long since, the crossed timbers in the one remaining wall of the original structure were found beneath plaster. These have been left uncovered, and their dark lines add to the picturesque effect of the place. It is not known how the old house looked prior to 1742; but we know that when Shakespeare lived there the bought it in 1597, when he was only thirtythree years old) the street, Chapel Lane, that separates it from the Guild Chapel was narrower than it is now, and that the house stood in a green, enclosed by a wall, the entrance to the garden being in Chapel Lane. The chief rooms were panelled in oak, with square, sunk panels, covering the entire walls. There is nothing left now but the old well in the cellarage, the fragments of the foundation, the lintel, the armorial stone, and the wall that forms part of the custodian's house. That custodian, Mr. Bower Bulmer, whom many travellers will remember as a pleasant, burly man, always attentive and genial, died on January 17, this year. His widow has succeeded him in office. Another conspicuous and interesting Stratford figure, still better known and for a much longer time, has disappeared, in the death of Thomas Marshall, the antiquary, which occurred a few months ago. Mr. Marshall long occupied the building next to New Place, on the north side, and between the keeper's house and that once occupied by Julius Shaw, one of the witnesses to Shakespeare's will. He sold Shake spearean souvenirs and quaint furniture. He had much skill in carving, and he was full of knowledge of Shakespearean antiquities and the lore of Stratford. His kindness of heart, his eccentric ways, his elaborate forms of speech, and his genuine love and faculty for art strongly commended him to the sympathy of all who really knew him. He was a character-and in such a place as Stratford such odd beings are appropriate and uncommonly delightful. He will long be kindly remembered, long mourned and missed. His facetious rival, Jones, with his museum of carvings made from fantastic roots, still survives, and still reads his remarkable verses to the good-natured traveller. It is again suggested that Anne Hathaway's

cottage ought to be bought and added to the Amalgamated Trusts of Shakespeare's Birthplace, Among these are three pictures of Miss Mary Anderson, one of Edwin Booth, one of the elder Jefferson, and one, a sumptuous photograph, of Miss Ada Rehan as Katharine. Echoes of Miss Rehan's brilliant success in London were audible in more than one place in Stratford. I heard her praises in Avonbank and in Clopton Hall, as I had heard

Museum and New Place. It is falling into decay; it needs care; and, as a perfectly authentic relic of Shakespeare and in itself a charming bit in the larger towns, and one, a sumptuous photograph, of Miss Ada during the year they find their way by various And during the year they find their way by various And during the year they find their way by various and various ways into Canton and Hong Kong, which are the finally into Canton

SCROFULOUS SORES A Child's Great Sufferings Ended by the Cutieurs When six months old the left hand of our little grand-

when six months old the left hand of our little grand-child began to swell and had every appearance of a large boil. We poultied it, but all to no purpose. About five months after, it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure it took less time for them to break out. A sore came on the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid scab, discharging a great deal. At the Shakespeare Birthplace Mr. Savage kindly This was his condition at twenty-two months old, when I undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old, of consumption submitted to my inspection many choice selections from those old papers, lately found in a room of the he was a little more than a year old, of consumption, (scrofula, of course). He could walk a little, but could not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hands. I immediately commensed with the CUTICURA REMIDIES, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP freely, and when he Grammar School, adjacent to the Guild Chapel. About 5,000 separate papers were discovered the old consingled with the new; many of them had taken one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT his head was completely cured, and he was improved in every way. We were very much encouraged, and continued the use of the Remedies for a year and a half. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would finally grow loose and were taken out; then they would hea rapidly. One of these ugly bone formations I preserved After taking a dozen and a half bot ties he was completely cured, and is now, is a letter from a citizen of London, named Smart. at the age of six years, a strong and healthy establishing and endowing a free school in Strat-child. The scars on his hands must always remain; his hands are strong, though we once feared he would never be able to use them. All that physicians did for him did him no good. All who saw the child before using did him no good. are numerous, while no school for teaching English the CUTICURA REMEDIES and see the child now exists, that he can hear of. Mr. Savage had classic consider it a wonderful cure. If the above facts are of any use to you, you are at liberty to use then

May 9, 1885. 612 E. Clay-st., Bloomington, Ill.

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### UNCERTAIN FATE OF PLAYS.

QUEER CHANCES OF THE STAGE.

If there existed any possible guide to the probable re-ception of a play by the public, the business of theatrical ception of a play by the public, the business of theariest management would be relieved of the worst part of the risk and uncertainty that now attends it. Unfortunate-ly, the secret of what will insure popularity is still unpen-etrated, and theatrical management remains largely a game of chance, in which skill and experience, though not with out their value, are often boaten by the unreckenable quantity, luck. Only last season the play-goers of this city saw at the theatre which stood first in virtue of age and prestige a long succession of failures. Yet liberality, enterprise and experience were not wanting in the man-ager, his partners and assistants. Undoubtedly he would have been willing to pay ten or even twenty thousand deliars for a successful piece, but it was either not forthcoming or one that might have hit the public taste was passed over for one of the failures. As the result of this unsuccompany, and very possibly the disappearance of the name of Wallack's from any theatre in this city. In striking contrast with this was the good fortune at-tending the first season of the stock company at the Ly-

There a play avowedly written to order to show

the merits of the company was selected for the opening.

The manager would undoubtedly have been satisfied if it had run remuneratively for sixty or seventy nights, but had run remuneratively for sixty or seventy hights, but after a not strikingly encouraging reception several rad-ical changes were made, and the piece ran most success-fully the entire season. Mr. Daly began his last cam-paign with a comedy, "Dandy Dick," which, though her-aided by reports of the big business it had done in Eng-land, fell rather flat here. With commendable prompti-tude Mr. Daly substituted one of his own adaptations from the General "The Ballroad of Love." which met from the German, "The Railroad of Love," which met with great favor, and this he followed with "A Midsum-mer Night's Dream." Although the Shakespearean come-dy has rarely been a remunerative production, even when presented by some of the greatest actors the American stage has ever boosted, the receipts of the latest revival were extraordinarily large. Many people accounted for this, or tried to do so, by saying that it was due to the fact that Daly's was the fashion and that the manager was on the high tide of prosperity. Yet there was a time a few years ago when Mr. Daly seemed to be equally fortunate. His plays had achieved enormous runs, and his company was never stronger. The reaction came; play after play was produced with an almost unbroken secord of ill success, and after a long struggle, maintained with singular courage and pertinacity, Mr. Daly was obliged to acknowledge his defeat and for a time to abandon the field. At the Madison Square Theatre there was not last season any very pronounced success till the final month, when "Partners" happened to please. But this play had failed in Lendon and the manager was generally considered very rash to risk it here. "Partners" was taken to Boston, fresh from its triumphs in this city. On the first night its reception was most enthusiastic. The curtain was raised seventeen or eighteen times on the ends of acts, and telegrams recounting the fact were sent to and printed in the New-York papers. Nearly all the Boston papers were warm in their praise of the play and company, but after the first night it did not draw well. The com-paratively small audiences who attended the performances

quaintances to see the play.

The records of our theatres are full of extraordinary instances of unexpected failures and successes. It is known that the "Two Orphans," the most profitable of all modern plays, was hawked about in this city for over a year before a manager would produce it. When it was brought out, its fate for the first three weeks was somewhat doubtful, and not till after a month did the busines give indications of the wonderful future in store. "Led Astray" was put up at the same theatre, merely as a stopgap, and it was not expected to run more than three or four weeks. So little was hoped from it that new scenery was not painted for all the sets. It ran nearly two hundred nights that season and was afterward successfully revived. "The Mighty Dollar" and "Colonel Sellers" seemed to be and courage of the stars that kept them up till the pu

were almost as enthusiastic as those of the first night, yet

they evidently could not have strongly urged their ac-

was at last attracted.
" Jim the Penman" has been one of the more remunerative plays of the last two years. Just prior to its production Manager Paimer had also another play, D'Ennery's "Martyr." The writer met Mr. Palmer in Chicago on the morning of the first performance of "The Martyr." In course of conversation the manager said: "I have every faith in 'The Martyr'; its story is one "I have every faith in "The Martyr"; its story is one that touches the heart. Now, "Jim the Penman' is unquestionably a clever piece, but it seems to me to be heartless. The conduct of the heroine, in apparently forgetting in a measure all the affection of twenty years of married life, will, I fancy, be unsympathetic. I shall do the piece, of course, but I feel doubtful about it."
The result is known to almost every one. "The Martyr" was a nearly complete failure; the success of "Jim" is historical. Yet nineteen out of twenty educated and in-

telligent people who read the two MSS, would have come to the same conclusion as Mr. Paimer. One of our most experienced managers said a few days ago: "It seems impossible to tell what will please. Even the public itself doesn't know at first whether it is pleased or not. Often a little trifle in the dressing is pleased or not. Often a little trific in the dressing of the actresses or the furnishing of a scene will attract attention and establish the success of a piece. In reading a play we are often too apt to be guided by neatness of construction and the literary merit of the lines. My observation has shown me, or I believe it has, that situations and characterization are of far more importance. Give me situations in a drama or melodrama, and strongly marked and well contrasted characters in a comedy, and I will put up with some roughness of conis my creed, but I probably make as many mistakes as my competitors, who have different ideas. Plays are what the Scotchman said of women, 'Kittle cattle to deal

From the Buffalo Courier.

Many a good story has been told about the consternation and dismay produced by the sound of the Scotch barpipes on uninitiated ears. They are said to have put to flight fees for whom a bayonet charge would have had no terrors. But the story told by Bishop Taylor in Asbury Church last evening about the effect which his movable teeth produced among the blacks in Africa seems to cast all the other yarns of this kind into the shade. Somehow his black brethren came to know that the good bishop had false teeth, and one of them gently and tremulously broke the subject to him in conversation one day. Not wishing to be suspected of witcheraft, the bishop told the children of the sunny South that in big America where he came from, when a man lost a leg, he could go and let a new one made. When his hair fell of he could get a new one made. When his hair fell of he could out or were pulled they could be replaced. "Then," said the bishop, "I drew out my beautiful, white, clean the bishop, "I drew out my beautiful, white, clean the bishop, "I drew out my beautiful, white, clean the bishop, "I drew out my beautiful, white, clean the bishop, "I drew out my beautiful, white, clean the bishop, "I drew out my beautiful, white, clean the bishop, "I drew out my beautiful, white, clean the bishop, and when they saw that you ought to have porcelain set, and when they saw that you ought to have borrelain set, and when they saw that you ought to have woman declared she had seen the wonder of the world-and was now content to die in peace." From the Buffalo Courier.

NEXT YEAR'S FIRECRACKERS ORDERED.

From The Chicago Times.

The fire-crackers for July 4, 1889, have already occur.

The gre-crackers for July 4, 1889, have already occur.

They are made all over the Chinese Empire.